

07) on second thought

Verse 1

for kids remembering stalled memories, walled-in by penitentiaries,
convinced the end will be these halls, where all men are sent eventually.
who wonder is existence worth the skin it's printed on,
the undereducated, never made it much less finished strong.

do you really believe that, when the guns are drawn,
street cats'll react like you sung their songs.
when they punch the clock, run stunts from cops,
break laws, take off, make the hunger stop?
punk thug runners of guns, drugs, numbers,
back street tag teams, blunt-drunk youngsters,
cats be crack fiends, athletes, rap dreams,
you live that big fat and happy.

i've been black sheep, roughed up by tough love and set backs,
got an ex-stepdad and no clue where old dude rests his head at.
useless student in the true sense whose blueprints proved a nuisance,
never fit the rubric, so with each movement i slipped to loose ends.

a cute two cents, but truly not them,
you got job, friends, school, tools, options.
them? problems, futures locked in,
subdued by rotten, food, booze, toxins.
heed this caution when preaching doctrine,
cuz their top ten don't see the God-sent.
forgot rakim, knock h to the izzo,
so go home dox and escape to your zip code.